

Years twice twenty has come and passed,
And the carpet awayed in the autumn blast,
For never yet since that spring so fine
Had it ever been taken from the line.
Over the fence a grey-haired man
To climb, clematis, clemis, clam, clam began.
And he gathered it up with a sad, grim smile,
A flush passed over his face forlorn
As he gazed at the carpet tattered and torn.
He left it a mass of black,
Till the startled air gave his echoes back,
And out of the window a white face leaped
And he gazed and gazed and gazed
She knew his face, she gasped and sighed,
"A little more on the under side."
And he threw it, and he threw it,
And he threw and said, "Well, I am blowed!"
And he turned away with a heart full sore,
And I never, no, never, was seen there more.
—Burlington Hawkeye.

Abigail Burr was a little

One spring twilight a boy opened Miss Abigail's garden gate, and walked up the path between the rows of straggling lilacs. He was not a boy who lived about Capertown, or he would not have dared venture, I am sure, for Prudence's sake, besides having nothing to venture. He was an unemployed, starved looking specimen of humanity. His coat was a world too long, and patched at the elbows; and his trousers a world too short and patched at the knees. His hat was guiltless of brim, and through a hole in the crown bobbed a little tuft of hair, which had once been brown, but now woefully faded. He went straight up to Miss Abigail's porch steps. Miss Abigail was sitting on the porch in her high backed rocking chair, so intent on needlework that she scarcely noticed the coming of the stranger, neither then

"I'll have to get Jones Barrows to take the milkin', Miss Abigail," said she. "I can't. I've burned my hand that bad."

True boy looked up quickly. "Can't he milk for you?"

As I have intimated, Prudence did not like boys; and that she sometimes expressed her dislike in a very forcible manner, many of the village urchins could testify. Now, she surveyed this boy, standing by the post-holes, from head to foot, not forgetting the faded little tuft, in dumb astonishment.

"You might let him try, Prudence," said Miss Abigail, thinking dubiously of the nervous, mouse-colored Alderney the yard

And Prudence smiled as she went about setting a lunch of bread and butter and cold meat. She felt morally certain that the flighty Alderney heifer used only to women-kind, would be much more likely to spread a pair of bovine wings and fly away than allow herself to be milked by a boy.

"He can't do it," she said to Miss Abigail, who brought her knitting work into the kitchen. "The heifer will send him sky-high!"

But he could, and he did. Soon he appeared in the doorway, his pail brimming with snowy foam.

"All right," cried Miss Abigail. "You didn't think I could?" asked the boy, smiling brightly.

"No, I didn't," admitted Prudence; and straightaway, in her astonishment, she added to his fare a segment of rhu-barb pie.

"I'm pretty hungry," he said. "This is the first bite I've had since morning, and it tastes good."

To be sure, he did. Miss Abigail thought of her little brother who died years and years before, ere his tender feet began to feel the prick in life's path. How strange that the sight of this little vagrant, satisfying his hunger at the kitchen table, should bring to her remembrance the child who had died morally, a little mortal for the sake of a mortal. Presently, the boy had finished his repast, he laid his knife and fork across his plate with a methodical precision which it pleased Miss Abigail to see; and then he glanced from Prudence, standing near her with arms

"How far are you going?" she asked.

"I don't know ma'am."

"And where have you come from?" proceeded Miss Abigail.

"None to blame, nuther," interposed Prudence with a great deal of emphasis. "I've seen old Staples, down to Trestport. He's that mean he'd skin a mouse alive."

"I've been trying along for a chance to work," continued the boy, smiling faintly. "He was very near to ears, now, but he held them back for a while. But there don't anybody seem to want me."

Miss Abigail was moved more than he would have cared to own by his recital. Even to her who had lived for so long, there was something incredible in the tale. She had seen the little wanderer battling alone with the world, buffeted by fortune, drifting here and there, as chance might dictate. It had grown dark, now—the lamps had long since been lighted; and there were utterings of distant thunder in the air.

"It's going to rain," said Miss Abigail.

Prudence brought the milk pail without a word. But when she had prepared Miss Abigail's morning meal, she made ready a good, substantial breakfast for Barry, also. When he had eaten, she took up his hat crown.

"Get on the way you came in," said Prudence, "or else you'll bring bad luck."

Barry gave a little incredulous laugh, but he went out to the porch. Miss Abigail was there, taking deep breaths of the fresh air, and she bade him a kind good morning as he went off the step and down the path again between the lilacs, exuberant in growth, but scarce in bloom.

"Yes, he would have been handy about milking and getting the wood for you," said Miss Abigail.

"An' bringin' the letters from the postoffice," continued Prudence. "'Tis a good piece over to the village in muddy walkin'."

"So it is," said Miss Abigail. She

Miss Abigail, staid spinster that she was, without a thought of the ludicrousness of the proceeding, ran to the kitchen, snatched the horn from its nail, and ran out with it to Prudence. And Prudence put it to her lips, and blew a blast so long and so loud, that it startled the birds into silence, and set the echoes ringing from hillside to hillside.

He did. He stopped. Prudence flourished the horn in frantic excitement. There was a moment of suspense; and then Prudence turned to Miss Abigail, and said, "He's coming back," she said.

"When Barry, breathless with the haste he had made, reached the cottage, Miss Abigail was on the porch.

"We made up our minds to keep you," she said, "so long as you don't give us much trouble."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am!" cried Barry.

"Indeed, I'll try to please you!"

I am sure he has succeeded, for the lilies have been in bloom three times since that morning, and he is with Miss Abigail yet, growing tall, and strong.

**The Evil Effects of a Too Sudden Reform
ation.**

"I don't feel well, doctor," exclaimed the tall man, who looked a little pale. "I think something's gone wrong with

"I think that's where the trouble is was well onto that habit, but the doctor told me I'd got to give it up, and I've been breaking off gradually."

"Couldn't you give it up all at once?" asked the doctor, gravely.

"They told me I'd better not. Said might kill me, so I've been tapering off, and I think I am tapering too fast. I think more it would be better for me."

"How much do you drink now?"

"Yesterday I had a quart of vitrol, and to-day I've stowed about a pint of ruscic acid. Perhaps I ought to take a little more."

"Grant heavens, man, what do you take that for?" demanded the other petrified doctor.

"Why, you see, I'm tapering off from fountain whiskey, and them was the only things I could get. Now do you expect a man to take? Poison?"

"And when he went away he wasn't"

"Now, my dear, what's the use of *going on that way*?" I'm honest, and have to go down town. I am going to in the Knights of Pythias, and have on hand at eight o'clock sharp."

Going to join the Knights of Pythias, says the lady, and says she can't, or already have Mason nights, and odd Fellows nights, and A. O. U. W. nights, and Chosen Friends nights, and like nights, and Y. M. C. A. nights, and

was growing out of shape, although we were doing for her all we could, having used all the remedies we could hear of, and that were recommended for rheumatism, none or which benefited her in the least. Her case was pronounced incurable by the physician and by our neighbors, and all believed that she would be a cripple all her days, and that her limb would never be restored to its original shape. But I am happy to say that to-day my daughter is entirely free from all rheumatic pains, and that she can walk with perfect ease.

using the wonderful cure "has effected on Miss Moore, and I have not seen or heard of a case but that was being benefited by it. I am now using it myself, and I can recommend it as being the best remedy I sell; and the sale of it is larger than that of any other remedy.

CHARLES GOETZMAN,
Postmaster, West Webster.

Professor Goldwin Smith has a trenchant article in the Nineteenth Century on the Irish question. He considers overpopulation the real cause of evil and emigration the true remedy, the effect of the land bill being to root the people to the soil, when it has been proved that it will not support them. Emigration he would apply on a large scale so as to effect the clearance of broad districts and the restoration of them to the purpose of grazing, to which alone they are adapted. This he would consider a measure of permanent relief, whereas the partial depletion of larger areas has

emigrants as a matter of course to the United States and Canada, where they will inevitably become "the dupes and victims of political incendiarism." He says that Canada shudders at the

position of the highest importance. Transplanting being an expensive process, the English will only be wasting their money if, in thinning out the population of Ireland, they do not, in Ireland, they systematically form hotbeds of conspiracy and dissatisfaction in America. It will be for their own interest if they take reasonable precautions to protect themselves against possible future attacks. It is not possible when they dispose of the surplus population of Ireland at public expense. But here are several practical objections to Professor Goldwin Smith's plan of making the United States an insuperable Irish emigrant's land. Not only the United States, not to any foreign country or Crown colony, so long as there are crowded areas in the Northern States and Canada where they will find thousands of Irishmen and Catholics. This is the first objection, and a second is that even if they could be prevailed upon to

and will unite in a political revolt against both English parties at the next general election. A rebellion of the vote, he terms it. It is in one respect the most formidable of all rebellions, for the right to vote cannot be taken away; the rebels cannot be disarmed.

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
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
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